

ALUMNAE NEWS

OF THE STATE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE

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WISDOM

Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth. Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee; love her, and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore, get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding. Exalt her, and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honour, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee. Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings; and the years of thy life shall be many. I have taught thee in the way of wisdom; I have led thee in right paths. When thou goest, thy steps shall not be straitened; and when thou runnest thou shalt not stumble. Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life.

—Proverbs IV, 5-14.

O. HENRY: HIS LIFE AND ART

Address Before the O. Henry Club of the State Normal and Industrial College, March 11, 1916, By Archibald Henderson

II.

It is probably true that few of that great throng, who revelled in the whimsicalities and surprises of O. Henry's stories and in their clamorous eagerness for more seemed insatiable, realized the deliberate and subtle art of this North Carolina master of the short story. Yet those who are familiar with his life as well as those who have closely studied the mechanics of his craft, know that he was relentless in his devotion to his art and mercilessly unsparing of his own pleasure, recreation, and even health in his pursuit of the ultra-refinements of technic. His stories are singularly brief, laconic, pointed; they bristle with the unexpected surprises and the daring denouements of the brilliantly original mind. O. Henry was an artist who, through wide travel and close contact with many phases of life was enabled to endow his stories with inexhaustible variety in locale and racial type. Yet his touch is light, his method photographic; geography never gets in the way of human interest. To the late Harry Peyton Steger, who purposed writing his biography, Porter once significantly remarked: "People say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flat-iron Building and put in the Town Hall. Then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. At least I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of color will set it in the East, West, South, or North. The characters in 'Arabian Nights'

parade up and down Broadway at mid-day, or Main Street in Dallas, Texas." In this brief confession rests the eternal principle of universal art. It was the incomparable gift of O. Henry to be able to surprise, discover, and image forth the pristine humanity of the local incident; he humanized the temporal into the eternal. Life, as mirrored in his fancy, was not a question of geography, of costume, of mere peculiarities of speech or twists of idiosyncrasy. "Life," he once comically, yet most veraciously confessed, "is made up of sobs, snuffles and smiles—with snuffles predominating."

In his heart, O. Henry was a pure type of the American romanticist of to-day. Of himself he was thinking, I dare say, when he wrote the words: "The true adventurer goes forth aimless and uncalculating to meet and greet unknown fate." Life held her rich surprises in store for him at every turn. Bohemian in his nature, sympathetic always with the under-dog, restless and nomadic in his temperament, he sought intercourse with the "down and outers" of this world—to sense the color of their lives, to catch the romance of their story. For hours he would chat with some derelict of the docks, some drifting waste of humanity—who might or might not furnish a concrete story, but who would invariably set up such reactions in O. Henry's mind that a story would shape itself eventually into being. This great celebrant of New York, its poetry and its prose, its color, mystery, and romance, knew the vast city from end to end, from attic to cellar. "When I first came to New York," he once confessed, "I spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. I did things then that I wouldn't think of doing now. I used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with anyone who would hold converse with me. I have never met a man but what I could learn something from him. He's had some experiences that I have not had; he sees the world from his own viewpoint. If you go at it in the right way, the chances are that you can extract something of value from him. But whatever else you do, don't flash a pencil and a note-book. Either he will shut up or he will become a Hall Caine."

It was in this way and no other that O. Henry learned to know his world of "stenographers, musicians, brokers, shop girls, space-rate writers, art students, wire tappers and other people who lean far over the banister-rail when the door-bell rings." How else can we explain the mordant realism of "The Memento," revealing the scarifying disillusionment of

the world-worn yet romantic young third-rate actress when she discovers that her minister-hero is no better than the "average sensual man?" Or the pathos of the tribulations of Soapy, the tramp, rampageously trying to get himself arrested, to no purpose; and yet, when the Sabbath bells ring peace and repentance into his heart, feeling upon his shoulder the heavy hand of the law, banishing the vagrant to the Island for thirty days! Or the strange, sentimental code of Tildy in her brief debut—the unnoticed scrub-waitress, exalted to the seventh heaven of romantic bliss when a drunken boarder "insults" her with an unpunished caress, and then plunged into the depths of woe when he afterwards apologizes? "He ain't anything of a gentleman," wails the disconsolate Tildy, "or he wouldn't of apologized."

It has not been sufficiently recognized by the critics that O. Henry possessed very distinct gifts as a dramatist. At the time of his death, it was frequently stated that "America claimed O. Henry as the greatest living short-story writer, with the exception of Rudyard Kipling." It is very probable that, had he lived, he would have seen many of his stories dramatized and produced both on the legitimate and the comedy stages and in motion pictures. A number of his stories since his death have been seen in motion pictures; and his two plays: *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, a dramatization of *A Retrieved Reformation*, and *A Double Deceiver*, a dramatization of *A Double-Dyed Deceiver*, have been successfully produced in all parts of the United States. *Alias Jimmy Valentine* was one of the greatest successes of its type ever put upon the American stage. Porter sold the dramatization rights to his short-story for only five hundred dollars, to Mr. Paul Armstrong. The dramatist is said to have realized fifty thousand dollars from the production, and the producer a much larger sum.

The greatest contribution to literary technic by American genius has lain, thus far, in the domain of the short-story. One need only mention Poe, Hawthorne, Harte, and O. Henry. Poe was a denizen of a No-man's Land of the imagination, strangely unrelated to the soil from which he sprang. Hawthorne was a Puritan of the Puritans, seeing life in its ultimate ethical and moral aspects. Harte was an artist who played upon a single string. O. Henry was racy of the soil, instinct with sentiment, romantic; versatile in technic; utterly American; wholly human. It is not unreasonable to premise that America, whose great writers have virtually originated, created, and perfected the art of short-story writing, will make her first significant contribution to great

drama in the field of the one-act play, the type of dramatic art which has already reached such a high degree of excellence in European art.

It is his quality of reticence which impressed all who knew him, even his most intimate friends—even The One Who Knew Him Best. "To meet him for the first time," said Mr. Richard Duffy, "you felt his most notable quality to be reticence, not a reticence of social timidity, but a reticence of deliberateness. If you were observing, you would soon understand that his reticence proceeded from the fact that civilly yet masterfully he was taking in every item of the 'you' being presented to him to the accompaniment of convention's phrases and ideas, together with the 'you' behind this presentation. It was because he was able thus to assemble and sift all the multifarious elements of a personality with sleight-of-hand quickness that you find him characterizing a person or a neighborhood in a sentence or two; and once I heard him characterize a list of editors he knew each in a phrase." In an incident which occurred during one of Porter's sojourns in Western North Carolina, I can personally vouch for his constitutional shyness. I was most eager to have him make the principal address before the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina in 1908. I knew of his shyness—but hoped against hope. At my instance, the invitation of the Association was extended to him through the Secretary, by letter. Porter declined, courteously but most firmly, by wire. He was too shy to face the music, the tumult and the shouting. I have realized, through long study of the man's art and personality—though it was never given me to know him face to face—that his reticence had two distinct manifestations. Will Porter took great pride in the fact, and it was a fact often repeated by him, that every line he had ever written could be read in the family circle. I think nothing could express the purity of the man's soul better than that. Surprise has often been expressed that none of his stories were associated with the scenes of his childhood, or at least that the situation was not laid in North Carolina. It is the innate reticence of the man—his evasion of intimacy with others, his guardianship of the sanctity of personality—which explains his avoidance of the autobiographical in his stories. His feelings about his birthplace were too tenderly intimate to himself, his sentiment for the scene of his greatest happiness in the purple twilight of the great mountains too sacred, to be exposed for American daws to peck at. Yet once he broke his unalterable rule—in *Let Me Feel Your Pulse*; and who that has been there does not recall the scene near Asheville summoned by the following words: "John has a country house seven miles from Pineville. It is at an altitude and on the Blue Ridge Mountains in a state too dignified to be dragged into this controversy. . . . Amaryllis met and greeted us. . . . It was about twilight

and the mountains came up nobly to Miss Murfree's description of them."

The love of Will Porter for his old home State, his feeling of an intimate bond with the place of his birth, best finds expression in his whimsical and quaint letters "hack home" from Texas, a few of which have been printed. After writing hundreds of short-stories, he at last resolved to write a novel into which he intended to put the very best of himself with the greatest art and skill at his command. It was to be a *true* story—the actual revelation of the life of a man—"nothing but the truth." It was not to be a mere autobiography—the hero was a distinct personality. But it is in the highest degree significant that the scene of the story was to be laid in a "somnolent little Southern town"—the Greensboro—who doubts it?—of his boyhood days. North Carolina is the poorer that death robbed the world of this true record of a man—William Sidney Porter.

In the spring of 1905, the mother of Miss Sarah Lindsay Coleman, on returning to her home at Weaverville, after a visit to Greensboro, casually remarked to her daughter: "Your old friend Will Porter is a writer. He lives in New York and writes under the name of O. Henry." The name stirred Miss Coleman's memory: "O. Henry! In my desk lay *Madam Bo-Peep* and I loved her. I wrote O. Henry a note. 'If you are not Will Porter don't bother to answer,' I said. He bothered to answer." In her letter she had spoken of her desire to write—later to find free expression when she won a name for herself in Sarah Lindsay." In answer came the words: "Attend—oh, princess of the Bluest Ridge! Fate has cheated you out of the life you were made for. You have a warm heart, and talent and ambition. Right here is the only market for them in this country. If I didn't think you had the genius to win the game I'd never advise you to try. Go out and talk to the tomato vines and the moon about it. They are good counselors." Prophetic were the added words: "I don't know that I can tell you what the boy developed into except to say—sincerely—into one surely no better, unsatisfied, and never forgetting the little girl next door." Mrs. Porter herself has recently given us a little glimpse into that sequel to a boyhood romance. "'Some day when you are not real busy,' further ran his reply, 'won't you sit down at your desk where you keep those antiquated stories and write to me? I'd be so pleased to hear something about what the years have done for you, and what you think about when the tree frogs begin to holler in the evening.' Thus after many years a boy and girl friendship was renewed. Last in my list (of favorite stories), but first in my heart, is *Adventures in Neurassthenia*, the new title—*Let Me Feel Your Pulse*—the publishers gave, it brings back the little office in Asheville, the pad, empty except for the title and the words: 'So I went to a doctor.'" The romance

of youth came true—and days spent in Western North Carolina were the happiest days of his life.

It was eagerness to surpass himself, the straining upward toward higher achievements, that brought him low. The solitude of the mountains silenced his brain; he fled to New York for the stimulus of cosmopolitan struggle. His description of New York is significant: "It is a combination of Delilah, green Charreusse, Beethoven, choral, and John L. in his best days." It wooed O. Henry to its bosom "with the subtlety of a siren—and like the Lorelei swept him to destruction. When genius scintillated in his brain and invention ran madly from his pen, New York was the queen of Manhattan, the siren of the world. When health failed him, invention flagged, and illness came, he wonderingly cried: "I don't know what is wrong with Broadway. But it has lost its glitter." Surely this man, this genius, "went climbing to his fall."

New York was a siren with the meretricious glitter of a Great White Way. North Carolina was a mother, with the solace of the cradle of the great mountains. And even when he was most remote in distance from his native State—and perhaps uncertain of his return—it was to the homeland, to North Carolina, that his heart unerringly turned. In a letter to me, Mr. Al. J. Jennings of Oklahoma City, said: "I knew 'Bill' Porter perhaps better than any other man on earth, before he wrote his *Cabbages and Kings*. We sat under mangrove trees in the little town of Corilla in the heat of the sun, looking far out across the hilly sea, trying to fathom what might be doing in the old United States. He talked of North Carolina and childhood; I, of my native state, Virginia; but neither asked the other why he was in Central America. Porter was a child of fortune, I was a fugitive from justice. He was not aware of that fact. He only knew me as a man, and I can safely say that to his dying day he loved me." One who knew Porter intimately all his life recently pointed out that O. Henry, while a Bohemian and a cosmopolite in a sense, did not believe that it was possible for a man to be "cosmopolite all through." Nothing could better express his own feeling for his native place, we are convincingly assured, than his clever story, *A Cosmopolite in a Cafe*. "Just as the hero of that story fought a man 'on account of things said about the bum sioe-walks and water supply of the place he come from,' so would O. Henry, who was an artist with his fists, have fought any man who had, in his presence, spoken evil of Greensboro—for 'he wouldn't stand for no knockin' the place.'" Underneath the banter and jest, how much of the true love of the man for his South, for his home, lurk in the words of a letter recently published: "Can't get to loving New Yorkers. Live all alone in a great big two rooms on quiet old Irving Place, three doors from Wash. Irving's old home. Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately

(since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not in a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say presently up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her; and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Swanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing?"

Many are the stories told of O. Henry, of his Bohemian taste, his quaint fancy, his innate shyness, his love for the play upon words, his tremendous surplus of temperament, his skill at repartee. Familiar to all is his remark about Mr. Walter H. Page, as editor of *The World's Work*, that his letters of rejection were so admirable that they could be discounted at the bank. His rules for story-writing are famous: "Rule I of story writing is to write stories that please yourself. There is no rule II." Wit and repartee with him were a passion—a ruling passion strong even in death. "He was looking toward the window; there was no sign yet of dawn. He rolled his head back toward the dim hospital lamp and whispered—the last words he ever uttered: 'Turn up the lights: I don't want to go home in the dark.' Just before his spirit mingled with the peaceful ocean of unnumbered souls, he looked up and gave them one of his quick smiles. And on that smile he died."

At the time of his death and for a number of years preceding, O. Henry was the most popular writer of short stories in the United States. He vied with Rudyard Kipling for the honor and reward of receiving the highest rate of remuneration for short stories. His stories have been translated into foreign languages, notably into French, German and Spanish; have had wide range in England; have been dramatized and have achieved great popular success, both on the legitimate stage and in motion picture plays. During a sojourn in Berlin in 1911 I well recall that the lecture of Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, his biographer, on *The American Short Story* delivered at the University of Berlin attracted exceptional attention and led to the immediate publication of certain of O. Henry's stories in German translation in Berlin periodicals. I recall another significant incident in my own experience. Upon one occasion, I was dining at the Savage Club in London with a friend, an English publisher. At the same table were seated two other men who were strangers to me. My friend and I were talking animatedly of O. Henry, and during a momentary pause in the conversation, we noticed that the others were also talking animatedly of O. Henry. At once we all began to talk at the same time about O. Henry. All three were publishers, all three Englishmen, all

three eager to secure the copyright on O. Henry's works! Shortly afterwards, one of these three publishers brought out *Cabbages and Kings* in England; and many of O. Henry's stories have since been published in England, notably in the magazine edited by the late Robert Barr. In comparing O. Henry with Robert Louis Stevenson, a writer in the *Spectator*, after according high praise to O. Henry's individual point of view and "remarkable gift of literary expression," pointed out that his "close contact with the raw edges of life never dulled his romantic gaze or extinguished his belief in humanity." O. Henry's *A Municipal Report* has often been pronounced, by competent critics, to be the finest short-story ever written in the English language. The late Professor H. T. Peck said of O. Henry: "He has constructed a panorama of the times in which we live. At heart he is an optimist, who believes that in every human being there is to be found something good, however mixed it may be with other qualities; and like a true American he can see and chuckle at it all." In speaking before the State Literary and Historical Association of North Carolina in 1911, his biographer employed these impressive words: "What Helper, of Mocksville, did for the economic argument against slavery, O. Henry, of Greensboro, did for the four million of New York. The one appealed to the head, the other to the heart. But both appeals were national and the services of both men should be capitalized in our history for future generations." Perhaps the most remarkable feature of O. Henry's career as a man of letters is found in the fact that a hoy, born in North Carolina, who spent the first forty years of his life in the South and the Southwest, should have become the most brilliant and adequate interpreter in American literature of the atmosphere and the common life of New York City. The philosophy of the man and his writings is best expressed in his words in outlining the theme of a play, *The World and the Door*, which he was dramatizing from one of his own stories at the time of his death: "My purpose is to show that in every human heart there is an innate tendency towards respectable life, that even those who have fallen to the lowest step of the social ladder would, if they could, get back to the higher life. The innate propensity of human nature is to choose the good instead of the bad."

O. Henry was a great Southern genius and a great national genius. But greater than all, he was profoundly human in his art. It was his nature to care for the lowly rather than for the exalted. "I wander abroad at night," he says in one of his stories, "seeking idiosyncracies in the masses and truth in the heavens above." This male Scheherazade of the new *Bagdad-on-the-Subway* defiantly espoused the cause of the census-taker, that wiser man in his larger estimate of human interest who proclaims that the people of New York City really worth noticing are not the Four Hundred but the

four million. O. Henry is the narrator and the celebrant of the life of the great city in the parks and open squares, the cheap restaurants and bowery haunts, the crowded department stores and the tiny homes of the aerial flat-dwellers. The poor and the humble, the hobo and the shop-girl, the clerk and the copper, the vagrant of the park, the derelict of the bread line, the flat dweller and the commuter—these were the favorite subjects of his amused and loving inquiry. All possessed a vital, an absorbing interest for him because they were real, human, true. Everywhere this errant Bohemian found a human interest rich in magic and romance.

This quality of inextinguishable romance, this chivalric note—these are the traits of the Southerner, of the North Carolinian. It was here in North Carolina that he found the sweetheart of his youth—here that he found surcease from metropolitan care in the enfolding shelter of the Blue Ridge—it is here that he sleeps. As a Southerner, he loved the South; as an artist, he realized her amiable vices, her lovable weaknesses. Uncle Bushrod, that dusky guardian of the accolade, faithfully holding "Marse Robert" true to the romantic ideals of his youth; the ultimate emancipation of "Billy," after years of solitary struggle under the consuming blight of an overshadowing parental tradition; the excitement of "Thimble, Thimble," with its convincing denouement of the final identification of the Northern brother by his business practicality, of the Southern brother by the integrity of his plighted word; the social comedy of that typical Southern magazine of the old school, *The Rose of Dixie*, which reproduces an article by T. Roosevelt—known in Georgia not as Rough Rider, author, or President, but only through his relation to the Bullock family; the tender sentiment mingled with dark irony of *A Municipal Report*; the quaint humor and light touch of *An Adventure in Neurasthenia*, reminiscent of the Land of the Sky—stories such as these testify to O. Henry's strong and tender feeling for the South, his admiration for her finer qualities, his faculty of kind raillery at foibles that are passing with a passing age. Like another great humorist, Alphonse Daudet, who amused a world with delicate satire of his beloved South, O. Henry let his light raillery play with kindly light over the South of his own birth—her manners, her customs, and her people.

North Carolina gives to posterity her great writer of this new time, secure in the originality of his genius, the uniqueness of his art, the humanity of his spirit.



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GREENSBORO, N. C., JUNE, 1916

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION (Inc.)

President—Nettie Allen.
Vice-President—Bettie A. Land.
Secretary-Treasurer—Laura H. Coit.
Board of Trustees—Mary Lewis Harris, Carey Wilson, Mary Arrington, Julia Dameron, Mand Bunn, Florence Pannill, Hester Struthers, Jane Summerell, Bertha Stanbury.

ALUMNAE ON THE BOARD

That we should have alumnae on the board of directors of our College is, to many of us, such a self-evident truth that arguments for the question seem superfluous. Unfortunately there have been and are those to whom this truth appears less clear—otherwise our board would consist of men and women. To these we offer four arguments.

First, as Dr. Foust said in our commencement alumnae meeting, it is an unquestionable fact that the College and its interests are dearer to the hearts and minds of the alumnae than they can be to any other group of people. It is an accepted fact that where the treasure is, there also is the heart. Consider the unused treasure of intensely interested guidance we have in the desires and hopes of hundreds of loyal alumnae. Many of these, as directors, would make their mistakes, of course,—that is the seemingly unalterable shortcoming of both sides of our human family. If our College, however, has labored wisely and effectively in these twenty-four years, there must be at least a few women in North Carolina who, as directors of our College, would not make more than a human number of mistakes.

Second, the College needs the guidance of both the masculine and the feminine mind. Each looks upon life differently, each emphasizes equally important lines of development. Only by the just union of the two can come the well rounded college for which we all ardently hope. Nature offers us an unanswerable example of this principle in the family. We are given mothers as well as fathers who, in the ideal family, grow into a spiritual and intellectual guiding parenthood. None of us would attempt to compare or to contrast the qualities of either but demand the retention of both.

Third, it is right. The principle of democratic representation cries aloud for it. Would it be just for women alone to have the deciding voice in our university's governing board? Our voices join our brothers' in shouting a thousand times, "No!" Nor would our brothers be satisfied with a persuading influence in spite of the fact that their loyalty and love to their institution were genuinely, deeply valued. They would want what was rightly theirs—"even as you and I."

Fourth, there is a recognized world move-

ment for the broadening out of the lives of women. Let our college, which exists primarily for a fuller, deeper, finer womanhood, be among the leaders and not among the followers of any movement that may hasten the glad day when woman comes into what is rightly hers and when people will marvel at their forefathers who thought woman bold, dictatorial and unwomanly to demand that for which she should not have been forced to ask.

A. McI. Y., '05.

RESOLUTION OF THE NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF CLUBS

Resolved: That the proper steps be taken by petition and by personal influence to insure that one or more vacancies in the membership of the Board of Directors of the State Normal and Industrial College be filled by a competent and representative woman.—*Introduced by Raleigh Woman's Club.*

COMMENCEMENT

ALUMNAE MEETING

A large number of alumnae and former students attended commencement this year, and consequently the alumnae meetings were of unusual interest. The rally which had been planned for Saturday at eleven o'clock was well attended, though the excitement of the pageant and the fact that a great many alumnae had only this one day at the College, made the attendance smaller than it otherwise would have been. Florence Pannill, '98, had prepared five large, interesting posters, decorated with appropriate scenes and containing original poems illustrating the principal topics for discussion this year. Every class was represented at this meeting which was cut short by the early luncheon.

The regular business meeting of alumnae association was called to order in the Cornelian Society hall at ten o'clock Monday morning by the president, Nettie Allen. In a few words of greeting the president appealed to the alumnae to help bear the burdens of their weaker sisters, to go forth into the rural districts in the humble spirit of true service in order that they may cheer and at the same time arouse to higher ideals and ambitions the girls in North Carolina who have not had so many advantages as they.

The class of 1916, numbering fifty-one, was then received by the association and welcomed as alumnae by its president. A response to the greeting of welcome was made by the class president, Tempe Boddie.

Dr. Foust was asked to speak to the alumnae and began by saying that the alumnae were more interested in the College than any board of directors, because of their intimate relation with the college. He then stated that during the past nine months 702 students have registered, during the last summer session 405, during the winter 14 home demonstration agents; that the College opened last fall with one hundred more students than it had dormitory room to accommodate and consequently was forced to rent houses adjoining the campus. Furthermore, he said that the last five years have been years of reorganization, of growth, of hard

service for faculty and students, without whose loyal, sympathetic support reorganization would have been impossible; that the College now, with its 14 units entrance requirement, is almost a standard college; that when the preparatory students are eliminated it will rank as a standard college; that its name militates against its students and therefore should be changed.

"But there is no more growth," says Dr. Foust, "until we have more money; we can go no farther in the development of the College until we get more money." There are two ways to secure this money. The College can charge more, or the legislature can appropriate more. "Stand solidly against higher charges," says Dr. Foust; "for the idea of the founder of this College was that it should be an institution in which any ambitious girl in North Carolina could secure an education. The legislature can well afford to appropriate more money for this institution, since the service of its students to the state is worth a thousand times the money put in it by the state." If the six thousand women who have attended the Normal would organize and start a movement to secure a larger appropriation from the legislature, they would get it. Let us see what we can do to assist Dr. Foust to secure enough money from the next legislature to build a gymnasium, a larger auditorium, a music hall and more dormitories.

The secretary's report of the loan funds was encouraging in that about 70 students were aided this year by the funds, but discouraging in regard to the growth of the McIver Loan Fund, which is now only \$5,647.03.

The committee on the alumnae home reported that it was putting forth persistent effort to secure the old infirmary, but that it had no clear evidence that it would finally win; for the old infirmary is a much coveted building and will be held by the music department until a music hall is built. Jane Summerell, '10, chairman of the committee, asked that the alumnae unceasingly express their desire for the old infirmary as an alumnae home.

The nominating committee made the following report: President, Nettie Allen, '95; vice-president, Bettie Aiken Land, '03; new board members, Mary Lewis Harris, '94; Mary Arrington, '95; Carey Wilson, '15, and this report was accepted unanimously by the association.

The question of a memorial for Miss Kirkland was discussed, and it was decided to place a bronze tablet in Kirkland Hall. Julia Dameron, '98, and Iola Exum, '97, were appointed to purchase this tablet, which we hope will be in position by Founder's Day. Any alumnae who feel inclined to contribute to this memorial are asked to send their contributions to Laura Hill Coit or to either member of the committee.

The most interesting event of the day was the presentation of a watch and chain by Em Austin in behalf of the association to Laura Hill Coit who, as secretary-treasurer, has served the association for seven years in her sweet, unselfish, untiring way. The watch is Roman gold with the monogram L. H. C. on one side and a diamond on the other. Em Austin spoke of the faithful, invaluable service which Laura Coit had so willingly rendered the alumnae and of the efficient way in which she had managed the

loan funds and especially of the sweet, unselfish spirit in which she had always served. Then Em Austin expressed the deep appreciation and strong love of the alumnae for Laura Coit. In expressing her great appreciation of the gift and love for the alumnae, Laura Coit, among other things, said, "From no other hands could I receive this gift more gladly than from the hands of Em Austin."

When Em Austin finished speaking, the alumnae, almost without exception, were in tears, and Nettie Allen relieved the situation by saying the occasion reminded her of a good old Methodist camp-meeting.

The meeting then entered upon the discussion of "Women on the Board." The alumnae, who had been alive with interest all the morning, became more deeply concerned when this important matter was introduced. There was a unanimous desire for women on the board. The one problem before them was how to accomplish this desire. If it is really true that the alumnae are more deeply interested in the College, more intimately related to the College, and consequently more fully acquainted with the College than any men who could be chosen to serve on the board, then it is likewise true that for this very reason the alumnae will serve the College more zealously and, other things being equal, more efficiently. The leading colleges for women have realized this fact and today Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Smith and Goucher have alumnae on their college boards. Some of these colleges, Bryn Mawr, for instance, have had to go through a great deal more "red tape" to secure this representation than our college would have to go through, but these colleges felt the need of live, loyal support from their alumnae (and this is one of the surest ways of getting that support) and of the helpful suggestions and advice of their alumnae. The Normal College Alumnae Association decided to petition the legislature through the proper authorities to change the charter of the College by adding three alumnae directors to the present board.

Reluctantly the association abandoned the discussion of women on the board to take up the more important question of the name of the College. It has been evident for several years that our graduates cannot get proper recognition in distant colleges because of our name. We are in no sense an industrial school and we are far more than a normal college. We are about to be a real college where a woman may take a literary, a scientific, a musical, a pedagogical or a home economics course. Consequently the alumnae were agreed that our name needs to be changed. A full discussion of the new name led to the choice of McIver College. It was moved and carried that we petition the legislature, through the proper authorities, that the name of the College be changed from The North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College to McIver College.

So interested were the alumnae in the discussion of the name of the College that they did not realize how late it was till nearly an hour after the time appointed for the luncheon. We regret exceedingly that we inexcusably kept our guests, the faculty, and Miss Brooks and those who were assisting her to serve the luncheon waiting so long. The freshmen had decorated the tables beau-

tifully with daisies and the juniors served with their usual grace the delicious luncheon which Miss Brooks had prepared. Just after they were seated, Miss Mendenhall greeted the alumnae in the following words:

"It was certainly a great pleasure on Saturday to meet so many of our alumnae and former students, and this day is always a part of commencement to which we look forward and from which we derive much pleasure.

"It has been an especial pleasure to me and I am sure I can speak for all the Senior faculty, to meet at this time so many of our older alumnae, some even of the very earliest years who have not returned often to the College.

"To these, first we would extend cordial greetings. But whether you are old or young, we are glad to see you all. You all belong to us. We love you as a body, and we love you as individuals, as distinct personalities with whom we have come in close touch, and through this intimate knowledge along with this deep appreciation of your individuality you have become ours. This is a privilege which comes to a teacher, this joy of the human mind in distinct personality, this 'highest bliss of earth-born beings,' as Goethe calls it, is undying and you will always be peculiarly ours. And if I may add a serious word on this happy occasion, because of this possession which is ours and which is yours—I am speaking for the College,—the College is looking to you for your active support. We regard you and you must be—if you will pardon me for taking you back to your student physics—an energy which is both potential and kinetic—an energy which Shakespeare says, 'hath in its effect a voice potential,' but at the same time the active kind which shows a capacity for doing work. As you know, 'kinetic energy is measured by half the product of each element of the body multiplied by the square of the velocity.'

"Think over this old law of physics and calculate the power which this College must have on this its twenty-fourth commencement if its alumnae will put themselves in line to work for the College, and give to the administration their active, earnest cooperation in all its endeavors.

"Again I say we love you all and you cannot return to us too often."

After luncheon the alumnae re-assembled to finish the business of the day. The first topic for discussion was the Alumnae News. Much appreciation of the News was expressed, and the alumnae decided to take as their slogan "1000 subscriptions to the Alumnae News by June, 1917." Let each alumna see what she can do to help bring about this result. Annie McIver Young thanked the alumnae for the generous way in which they had responded to her requests for articles for the News and asked that in the future the alumnae send articles without requests for them, since the News is the organ through which any alumna may give to her sisters a message that she feels will help the College, the alumnae or the other women of the state.

The question of the organization of county associations of alumnae, though very important, came late in the day. There is great need of county organizations if the alumnae accomplish the tasks set before them next year. A motion was carried to

endeavor to have the county associations observe Founder's Day throughout the state hereafter and to have a regular business meeting during the first week in June. It was suggested that the county associations make the Founder's Day meeting purely a social one.

The regular meeting then adjourned and the alumnae board went into session at once. At the board meeting some important committees were appointed. The committee on the alumnae banquet to be held during the Teachers' Assembly is Laura Coit, '96, Daisy Allen, '01, and Annie Kizer Bost, '03. Mary B. Mitchell, '10, was added to the committee on the alumnae home; and Julia Dameron, '98, to the committee on Women on the Board. The editors and business manager of the Alumnae News were reelected. A committee composed of Jane Summerell, '10, Laura Coit, '96, and Florence Panmill, '98, was appointed for Founder's Day.

J. D., '98.

PRESENTATION SPEECH

I would like to bring before you this morning a little matter which I am sure will be of much interest to every alumna, and which I have been looking forward to for sometime.

If I should ask the question, "What one person has meant more in the administration of our College affairs than almost anybody else; what person has meant more in the affairs of our own Alumnae Association than any one else—the one to whom we all can go, as we would to our own mother, and tell our every trouble, knowing that we will be greeted with a sweet smile and have our every difficulty overcome?" I know that each of you would answer in your heart that it can be none other than our own Laura Hill Coit.

My cup of joy was full when our esteemed President asked me to serve as chairman of a committee to work up a plan by which we might express to Miss Coit, in some tangible way, the love and appreciation of the alumnae for her untiring efforts, and it is to do just a little bit of honor to her that we pause now in our meeting. It is useless for me to try to tell you what Miss Coit has been to us and our association. That speaks for itself. But I do want to say that she has been our secretary and treasurer for the past seven years, and, as our president said, she is the one to whom we go for everything.

May I say that now my cup of joy is full to overflowing that I am allowed to present this gift on this occasion? I do not know when I have undertaken anything that has given me more pleasure than to perform this little labor of love. In the first place, it is a pleasure to me always to do any little service that I can for the College, a pleasure to do anything I can for our Alumnae Association, and no less is it my pleasure to do this for Miss Coit. This is also a peculiar pleasure to me for the reason that during the last two years of my stay at the College, it was my honor to be one of the trio which composed the working team in our late College President's office, that trio being Dr. McIver, Miss Coit and I.

I really feel that the Alumnae have honored themselves more than they honor Miss Coit in the way they have responded. Their responses have been numerous, liberal and

heartily, and I believe that Miss Coit would enjoy reading some of the letters which are so beautiful. Many of us have looked forward to this event with much pleasure, some who could not attend expressing their desire to see an account of the success of the undertaking in the Alumnae News.

I fear that I have been a little selfish in allowing my committee to out-vote me on the question as to the proper one to present this gift to Miss Coit. I am sure that there are a number of our distinguished alumnae who could grace this occasion far better than I can, who could have given you a real literary gem in the way of a presentation speech, but I doubt if there is one to be found anywhere to whom it could be more real pleasure than it is to me.

In the selection of a suitable gift, our committee felt that we wanted to get something that would be useful, something that Miss Coit could use as her very own. We knew that if we gave her the merest trifle, in the name of the alumnae, it would be highly appreciated, but we wanted something that would express in every way our feelings for her; so we decided upon this little watch, with the chain and pin. While we hope that the watch itself will be of use to Miss Coit, the little love message to her on the inside, we are sure, will mean more than the mere gift. May I read this message to you? "Laura Hill Coit, from the Alumnae Association of The State Normal College, as a token of love and appreciation. May 22, 1916." And I want to lay emphasis upon the two words "love and appreciation," for our feelings are not merely those of wanting to pay Miss Coit for her untiring efforts, but our appreciation has grown into real love.

This is no large gift of shining gold. It does not represent large contributions from the few, but small contributions from the many, and with it go messages of love from many hearts.

And now Miss Coit, in the name of the Alumnae Association of The State Normal College, it gives me more pleasure than I can possibly express to present to you this little token of our love. May it be half the pleasure to you to accept that it is to us to present it, and may it be a constant reminder of the ones who give it. May each tick of this little timepiece speak to you throughout your entire life a message of love from the hearts of many of us who hold you most dear.

EM AUSTIN, '97-'98.

THE PAGEANT

Since being asked to put down my views of the pageant for the Alumnae News, I have concluded that I have the pageant habit. Ever since I burst forth from my mountain fastnesses I have taken my shows as passing delights. My first glimpse of a crowd with glittering banners and joyous commotion was Children's Day at the Atlanta Exposition in '95. Then in 1901, I saw the wondrous parades of the Buffalo Exposition, heard the thunders of Niagara and sailed by to the peaceful haven of Lake Ontario. On the last day of May, 1902, I first glimpsed the Atlantic and saw the Charleston Exposition pass out in a burst of color. From then till the last day of May, 1915, when I first saw the Pacific and viewed San Diego's wonders, I have taken every chance and spent all my money seeing,

hearing and so learning how to be a better American.

Some years ago I invited a "house party" to come to the Land of the Sky and feast in its forests. That spring the woods were so green, the mountain laurel so bent over with bloom that it was the keenest disappointment to have many of the invited guests (apparently with one accord) begin to make excuses. The majority failed to come, but the chosen few who did climb Mt. Toxaway, sail Lake Fairfield, look out from Caesar's Head, and press on to Ravenscliff Falls used up all adjectives and stood silent in wonder and admiration. Ever since I have given thanks for that trip, ever since I have felt regret that so many good friends missed it.

And so, as to the pageant. Four years ago when I came back to the first pageant, the very air seemed charged with the spirit "if we only can do what we have undertaken, if we only can succeed, won't it be wonderful?" And they did succeed beyond expectation in the carrying out of the most meaningful spectacle I had ever witnessed. It had the joy and gladness, the music and color of a New Orleans carnival crowd at Mardi Gras, with the added dignity of plot, plan and reality. It had the stately sweep of an academic procession celebrating centuries of learning, with the pleasant contrast of concrete living epistles to dry and stately abstracts in leather bindings. My chief regret at the first pageant was that so many who would delight in it and enjoy its memory ever after failed to see it.

So for four years I have talked, planned, and thought of returning to this pageant, and wondered why every other "Normal girl" did not do the same. It was with a feeling akin to dismay that I realized a lack of *qui vive* and that *carnival* spirit which I had expected. On the campus the pageant spirit was prevalent, but the multitudes which the production merited were not here.

I have enjoyed this pageant as much or more than the first. This was larger, more finished in detail, better balanced in color; the high lights more striking and better placed, the music even grander and sweeter. The plays were perfect. And the most wonderful thing of all was the way in which each of the 1,200 participants seemed to fit her part—just as each bit of glass in a Tiffany window fills its place and sheds its light. Surely this fitness must be compounded of one-third intuition in selection of character, one-third skill in adaptation and acting, and one-third spirit of oneness and team work which united the whole.

Other accounts have told and will tell of the pageant in detail; of the grand parade, imposing and stately, joyous and full of meaning and color; of the marches and music, the dances and songs on Curry Court and Central Green; of the different plays, each more lovely than the one before, but all brimful of the spirit of merrie England and rippling with laughter, dance and song. Other pens may better tell the surpassing excellencies of leading characters, better describe the wondrous beauties of floats and flowers, of bees and butterflies. I can only repeat it was a wonderful spectacle, a wondrous success, worth coming from the ends of the state to see, and worthy the support and interest of every friend and former student of our dear old College. So many of

us fail to appreciate this grand undertaking, which surpasses anything before achieved in the south, and which was accomplished with an expenditure of money which is a "drop in the bucket" compared to Mardi Gras and exposition expenses. The faculty and students, the committees and departments are all to be congratulated, and although we outside have not given the support which we should, it is to be hoped that the pageant or a pageant can become a regular thing in the calendar of the College.

ANNIE JEAN GASH, '94-'95.

SUNDAY

The graduating class was very fortunate in securing Rev. N. M. Watson, D. D., of Chattanooga, Tenn., to preach the Baccalaureate Sermon. Dr. Watson's coming was of peculiar interest to us all since he is not only himself a North Carolinian, but has for his wife one of our own former students, Fannie Atwater, '96-'97. Dr. Watson delivered an able sermon from the text, "Never man spake like this man," John 7:46. The music for the occasion was beautiful and appropriate. The special music consisted of a double trio, "Hark, Hark, My Soul," and a solo, "These Are They."

The Young Women's Christian Association, as has been the custom, put their Sunday vesper service in charge of the Senior Class. This service was held under the night sky in our open air theatre in Peabody Park. The class was glad to secure Rev. W. T. D. Moss, of Chapel Hill, for the occasion. Using as his text, "Ye then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak," Romans 15:1, Dr. Moss brought to the class and to his other hearers a message which appealed to all as practical gospel for everyday living.

SARAH GWYNN, '16.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES

The class of 1916 planned its class day exercises wisely, for, since the nature of the weather prevented their being held out of doors, they were none the less effective indoors. They showed from the beginning to the end the unusual versatility of the members of the class and their staunch loyalty to the College.

After the Senior Class had been led by their gracious president, Tempe Boddie, and the class mascot, Robert Dick Douglas, Jr., to their seats upon the rostrum of the auditorium, the entire student body sang with enthusiasm their well-loved college song. At its conclusion each of the classes sang in turn its own class song. The class poem, beautiful in its conception, was next read by the writer, Arey Lippe, a natural born poet. She was followed by Naomi Poole, who related the history of her class which, unlike that of most previous classes, was notable for its many fortunes and few misfortunes.

"Drink a Health to Dear Old Normal," composed by a member of the class, Janie Ipeck, was then sung by all of the students.

Jay McIver, picturing herself among the ruins of Greece in 1936, where she had gone to aid other architects in the restoration of the ancient buildings of Athens, told in excellent literary style of the achievements of her classmates. She learned from the Delphic Oracle that one had been elected lifetime President of the United States; another was ruling in quiet, peaceful Mexico; still

others had become eminent as scientists, lawyers, lecturers, pianists and singers. Unfortunately, however, for North Carolina, according to this prophetic, very few of this distinguished band had become teachers or home-makers within the borders of our state.

The last will and testament, by Annie Beam, was a good sample of her usual wit and originality. Its chief item of interest to the alumnae was the gift of one hundred dollars from the class of 1916 to its alma mater, "to help others enjoy her privileges."

The exercises were concluded by the singing of the farewell song, composed by Louise Goodwin.

MARY ROBINSON, '07.

LAVENDER AND WHITE REUNION

The Senior Class gave a reception Monday night of commencement in honor of the members of all the lavender and white classes. Invitations had gone out to the faculty of the College, to the alumnae of other classes, and to the guests of the Seniors. The Adelpian and Cornelian Society halls were filled with a crowd of college folk and visitors, who spent the evening very pleasantly renewing old acquaintances and making new ones. The guests were welcomed at the door of Students' Building by Miss Tempe Boddie, the president of the class. With her in the receiving line were all who had held the office of president of the class since its organization in the freshman year. In spite of this imposing line at the door, the occasion was a most informal one and all spent a jolly evening together.

FRANCES WOMBLE, '01.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

May 23rd, Commencement Day, that day of all days in our college calendar, dawned amid a downpour of rain. Nor had the deluge ceased at 10:30, the hour for the beginning of the graduating exercises. Despite this fact, much before the appointed time, closed automobiles began to arrive, and large groups, protected by raincoats and umbrellas, hurried from every direction to the auditorium. But although the drenched buildings and water soaked campus presented a dreary scene without, not so within. Here all was life and happy expectancy and cheerfulness. Here all was much as it was on your graduating day, and mine—an old scene, yet ever new.

To the strains of the Processional March, played by the orchestra, the members of the lower classes, preceded by standard bearers, filed into the auditorium and took their places in the rear of the hall. The faculty followed, passing to their seats upon the rostrum, where they were joined by guests and citizens of Greensboro. Then up the center aisle came the chief marshal, Nancy Stacy, of Cleveland County, and Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, Dr. J. I. Foust and Vice-President Marshall, the speaker of the day. Next appeared the Juniors, bearing the traditional daisy chain, with which they formed a narrow aisle; and through this, one by one, the white-clad girls of 1916 passed slowly to the seats reserved for them in front of the rostrum.

As we looked at them, the youngest daughters of our alma mater, I think there was a commingling of emotions—old, yet ever

new—pride and joy and dim regret—we knew not why; longing, hope and aspiration—we scarcely knew for what. I think we shared with them anew that spirit of satisfaction, and yet not satisfaction, that possesses every one when the spirit of earnest endeavor meets at length honest consummation—and the spirit of endeavor beckons on.

After the audience had united in singing "Jerusalem the Golden," and the invocation had been made by Dr. Melton Clark, President Foust, in a few appropriate words, introduced the speaker, Vice-President Marshall. The large audience acknowledged the introduction by rising.

If the assemblage expected to hear a discourse on neutrality or peace or preparedness or any other national issue, or a discussion of the Great War, it was disappointed. Indeed, the Vice-President's speech could hardly be called an address. It was more nearly a sermon—a sermon by a Presbyterian, too, if you please.

After a few remarks in a pleasantly reminiscent vein, the speaker referred to his acquaintance with the life and work of Charles D. McIver. He said he had read in a book that Dr. McIver died ten years ago. But that was a misconception, for, he urged, "death and burial are not synonymous or synchronous. There are tens and hundreds of thousands of dead men walking around the streets and highways of America, eating, drinking, and sleeping, yet unburied. That man or that woman is dead no matter how young he may be, nor how much he may eat, nor how many cubic feet of air he may breathe every day, if he has lost a high ideal and is not striving forward toward the accomplishment of it."

The speaker was happy to find an institution which presented to its graduates a copy of the Bible, for he found in it these words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." And if the Vice-President may be said to have chosen any single theme, it was embodied in that text.

In talking of public schools, the speaker declared that "if you can teach the boys and girls of North Carolina that this republic of ours rests upon the Golden Rule, that corruption wins not more than honesty, that he is not wise who is not just, that high ideals are better than vast possessions, that the world is looking to you for the best things in philosophy, then—although I want this country to be prepared for defense, let me tell you that its real defense will consist in the fact that around its men and women there will be His guarding arm; and this will be of more value to the preservation of the republic than all the navies that ever floated the seas or all the tramping legions that ever went across the earth.

"Young ladies, you are going out into the poorest paid and best rewarded business in the world. They will starve you to death if they can. But think of Foust who sits here. Think of McIver whose vision blesses you today. Think of the one never-ending thing—character! And there comes a time when the golden bowl is broken; there comes a time when retrospection and introspection bids every man say, 'What has been worth while?' And no man can say anything has been worth while that did not contribute to the glory of God, to the perpetuity of the

republic and to the salvation of the American home. May Jehovah, the covenant-keeping God of Israel, be round about you as the mountains are round about Jerusalem."

At the conclusion of the address, Dr. Foust introduced Hon. A. L. Brooks, who presented copies of the constitution to the graduating class. Immediately afterwards, "Song at Sunrise," was rendered by a double trio, Misses Rawlins, Long, Howell, Holden, Moore, and Mrs. Carter.

Rev. Melton Clark, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, delivered the Bibles, and Dr. J. Y. Joyner, on behalf of the Board of Directors, presented the diplomas.

Then one by one, the fifty-one members of the Class of 1916 came upon the platform and received from Doctor Foust tangible evidence of the successful completion of four years' work.

The ceremonies concluded with the singing of the "Old North State."

CLARA BOOTH BYRD, '13.

COLLEGE TRAINING

Are You Glad That You Have Had as Much College Training as You Have Had? If So, Why?

The college offers the best training a woman may receive. We know that ignorance is not an asset and that accurate intelligence is an essential. All problems dealing with questions of the home, church, school and community must be dealt with in an accurate, scientific manner. Carelessness is not condoned. The efficiency experts, eliminating carelessness, are penetrating into every phase of modern life, and the women with the trained minds find it easiest to co-operate with them. We have learned that women can not isolate themselves—purely individualistic living is no longer possible. Every woman is either co-operating in the liberalizing life of the twentieth century or she is being carried along by those who are working. The college trained woman is infinitely better prepared to take an effective part in this active life, than the untrained woman. It is not claimed that the college curriculum is perfectly developed. Changes are being made in all college courses in an effort to make them more comprehensive. Every girl should make the greatest effort to receive this training that she may not only co-operate with the efficiency experts but that she may be an efficiency expert.

HARRIET ELLIOTT.

"Most college women are still regarded almost as curiosities in the world of buying and selling, for only very exceptional business men appreciate the possibilities of books in business."

The above statement was made by a college woman who had made a success in the business world, and I know her statement is true. For when I returned home from college to accept a position as stenographer, everyone seemed horrified to think of a college graduate's attempting anything outside of an educational line. But I withstood criticism and objection and began as a stenographer, with the feeling that my col-

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JULIUS I. FOUST, President, Greensboro, N. C.

lege training would cause me to make a success. And I feel that what success I have made has been largely due to that.

After having spent four years in college, one has acquired the habit of always seeking to obtain more knowledge, and has also acquired the ability to do so. Therefore, I was not long content to sit all day and transcribe dictated letters; but while doing so, I was learning all that I could about the business I was in, and about business methods and conditions generally. Possibly I would have had the same desire to make a success if I had never been to college, but I could not have done so; for my foundation would have been weak, and self-confidence, the greatest asset in any undertaking, would have been lacking. Therefore, I consider that my college training has been of inestimable value to me.

LELIA A. STYRON, '05.
(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE AT COLLEGE

On Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock, J. A. Kennett and Miss Pattie McAdams were united in marriage in the parlor of the Infirmary of the State Normal College. The ceremony was pronounced by Rev. W. F. Kennett, of Mebane, a brother of the bridegroom. Immediately after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Kennett left by automobile for Salisbury, where they were to take a train for Black Mountain for their honeymoon. Mr. Kennett is a leading citizen of Concord. Mrs. Kennett is an Orange County woman

of the highest type and for a number of years has held a position as trained nurse in the State Normal. Her many friends among the Normal students as well as others will wish her much happiness. After June 15th Mr. and Mrs. Kennett will be at Concord, where Mr. Kennett has a pleasant home and where they will reside. Mr. Kennett is a Guilford County man, but for a number of years he has lived in Concord, where he is engaged in the cotton brokerage business. —*Greensboro Daily News, May 27.*

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